

66 7  
*Britain's* W R O N G S.

A

N E W B A L L A D.

*On the M-----RY.*

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*Dic mihi, Britannia, cujum pecus: an probitatis?  
Non, sed Rapinæ: Nuper mihi tradidit hic Rex.*

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L O N D O N:

Printed for G. LION, near *Ludgate-street*.

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NEW BALLAD

On the M... RT.

Die wille, Britannia, cuprum ferens: an propositum  
Non sed Rapine: Nuper enim uindicta hic Re...

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## NEW BALLAD.

**Y**E true-hearted *Britons*, draw near to my Ditty,  
Tho' loyal, yet honest, yet serious tho' witty :  
Attend to its Cause too ; --- our Guardians of  
State,

Who, by making us little, have made themselves great,  
*Derry down, &c.*

2.

Then judge if our Losses abroad, Ills at home,  
Should be charg'd to Wit, Folly, to All, or to Some :  
Of Wit we have need ; vain is Strength without Wit :  
As 'tis not the strongest, whose Arrow will hit,  
*Derry down, &c.*

3.

If Folly presides in the Form of Debate,  
No wonder we fall with such Props to our State ;  
If they fail, tho' Wit guides them their Country to  
save,  
The Fault's not in Wit, the Fault lies in the Knave,  
*Derry down, &c.*

4. That



4.

That most of them Knaves are, even Modesty notes,  
 Else whence comes the evil Surmountal of Votes?  
 Some few we shall mention as Types of some others:  
 As one Rogue's Description will fit all his Brothers,  
*Derry down, &c.*

5.

First complaisant C-r--t will bow, and will jest,  
 His Promise sincere is, till brought to the Test:  
 But made such a Bustle of Party, no doubt,  
 To get himself in, more than get others out.  
*Derry down, &c.*

6.

To *Holland* he hasten'd, a Treaty to settle,  
 But found the grave *Dutch* of less ductile a Metal:  
 That they were as wise as himself, we may say;  
 Or rather, that he'd no more Wisdom than they,  
*Derry down, &c.*

7.

The Zeal of loud P-l-y none dar'd to condemn;  
 Thus what we once valu'd, we soon may contemn.  
 The Committee was fat; -- who once thought of a  
 Trick?  
 The Champion was absent, his Daughter was sick,  
*Derry down, &c.*

8.

From hence learn, O *Britain*, to doubt of your  
 Friends;  
 All say they serve you, while they serve their own Ends.  
 Wealth is their sole Aim; the Excuse of this Girl,  
 Was taking the Pill, gilt with Title of Earl,  
*Derry down, &c.*

9. That

9.  
That Idiot, *H-----*, whose Palm ever itches,  
So loaded with Bribes, he must hold up his Breeches,  
Had *Britain* no Statesman more subtle than he,  
Lost Freedom would live for the Price of a Fee,  
*Derry down, &c.*

10.  
With the Vice of old *Mins* smiles Sycophant *S-----*,  
Who Gold makes of all Things that come in his Hands,  
In Reproach to his Vice, to his Peace the fix'd Curse,  
As Emblem of *Av'rice* his Hand grasps a Purse,  
*Derry down, &c.*

11.  
Of the mischievous Race of rank Statesmen, this one,  
As a Prey to Resentment, should first be run down:  
So gross is his Vice, so unpity'd his Case,  
His own Herd disown him, and join in his Chase,  
*Derry down, &c.*

12.  
Had *W-lp-e* still kept at the Helm of the Nation,  
She had not been now in so wreck'd Situation:  
Yet mourn not his Fall; she had still been distressed;  
Tho' he's best of those Pilots; yet bad is the best,  
*Derry down, &c.*

13.  
You call'd long for Justice, in a War with proud  
*Spain*,  
And, *se defendendo*, must make Peace again,  
Like Gamesters, grown wise by Experience, we chuse  
To give over Play, when we find we still lose,  
*Derry down, &c.*



14.

'Tis true honest *Vernon* caus'd proud *Spain* to fear,  
 And amaz'd much his Betters, to think he should dare.  
 A poor Booty he gain'd, yet he did what he could;  
 Since his Masters deny'd him to do what he would,  
*Derry down, &c.*

15.

O boast in a General, brave *England*, whose Skill  
 Can more of his own Men, than the Enemy kill.  
 'Tis *W--lw--h*, so true to command, for he did,  
 In martial Obedience, the Thing he was bid,  
*Derry down, &c.*

16.

Who keeps a proud Mistress, and spends much upon  
 her,  
 Will shortly be brought down to live on his Honour:  
 So while this Jilt War we maintain, and nought get,  
 Like Profligates, we run our Honour in Debt,  
*Derry down, &c.*

17.

And like the lewd Spendthrift, with Vanity drunk,  
 We, dip'd for our own, pay another one's Punk:  
 This do we not do; when our Pay we send over  
 To the Forces of *H--se*, and the Troops of *H--n-v-r*?  
*Derry down, &c.*

18.

Yet, where's the Possession we soon are to taste;  
 To gain which, great *G--rge* would go over in haste?  
 Bak'd Meats were prepar'd, and new cask'd was his  
 Ale;  
 But alas! he ne'er went; and the Pyes they grew stale,  
*Derry down, &c.*

19. Poor

19.

Poor *England*, I sorry to see you a Bubble,  
No Worth for your Coſts; yet your Taxes made  
double;

But would you be told, in my Song I will ſhew,  
Why the Friends of the C-rt muſt be Traytors to you,

*Derry down, &c.*

20.

Fiſt tell me, if any of you, who engages  
To pay on Performance your Servants their Wages;  
Should find them your Int'reſt or Law diſregard;  
Wou'd not you give Orders the Slaves be diſcharg'd?

*Derry down, &c.*

21.

If moſt of our Nobles will cringe for a Place,  
And Titles of Slav'ry their Honour diſgrace;  
When their Maſter commands them, how can you  
ſuppoſe

To be Friends to the State, to themſelves they'd be Foes?

*Derry down, &c.*

22.

Much leſs ſhould we hope, that ſuch Commoners bold,  
Who wrangle and plead as they chance to be told,  
Should be guided by Truth for your Int'reſt or mine,  
When they know if they'r honeſt, the Word is *Reſign*,

*Derry down, &c.*

23.

Could *England* her Placemen the Senate expel;  
Nor who became ſuch were in Council to dwell;  
Such Placemen wou'd then be employ'd by the Nation,  
And each muſt grow honeſt, or have no Eviſion,

*Derry down, &c.*

24. Then

Then none could have Seats in the House, none the  
 Chair,  
 But whose Int'rest was ours, who nor C--rt nor Truth  
 fear :  
 Then *England* would flourish, and free Subjects sing,  
 With better Assurance, Success to the King.

*Derry down, &c.*

### *F I N I S.*

If most of our Nobles will cringe for a Place,  
 And Titles of Slavery their Honour disgrace;  
 When their Master commands them, how can you  
 To be Friends to the State to themselves they'd be true.  
*Derry down, &c.*

Much less should we hope that such Commons should  
 Who wrangle and plead as they chance to be told,  
 Should be guided by Truth for your Int'rest or mine,  
 When they know if they're honest the Word is Religion.  
*Derry down, &c.*

Could *England* her Placemen the Senate expel;  
 Nor who became such were in Council to dwell;  
 Such Placemen would then be employ'd by the Nation,  
 And each must grow honest, or have no Election.  
*Derry down, &c.*